

An Excellent

G A R L A N D,

CONTAINING

Four NEW SONGS.

1. Lament for General Wolf.
2. The Siege of Belleisle.
3. Adm. Ruffel's Defeat of the French Fleet.
4. Cheshire Chamber Maid.



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Lament for General Wolfe.



BRitons, loyal and bold,
Who would never be control'd
By the French. See the bravest of his sex,
British Wolfe, stout and good,
Make the rivers run with blood,
At the royal conquest of Quebec.

Brave Wolfe was our commander,
Montcalm was their defender,
Their numbers did us sorely dismay :
But brave Wolfe, stout and bold,
He would never be control'd,
And his last dying words was—Huzza !

Contented I die,
Since we've gain'd the victory,

As you tell me the battle is our own ;
 Let my soul depart in peace,
 And the wars for ever cease,
 Since my life for fair Britain is gone.

The Highlanders, in hot blood,
 And Sailors, stout and rude,
 Like madmen did clash them away :
 When the French began to run,
 We advanced on their ground ;
 But our grief was for Wolfe--Oh that day!

Then the city it surrender'd,
 The gates straight we enter'd,
 Our ships in the harbour lay thick :
 We thanked the Most High
 For this signal victory,
 At the glorious conquest of Quebec.

The Siege of Belleisle.

COME all you bold Britons that prattle at home
 And I'll tell you how the siege of Belleisle it
 begun;

On the eighth day of April we attempted to land,
 But we were drove back as you shall understand,
 The French they came down so thick on the sands.

Our grenadiers climbed the rocks very high,
 Thinking for to make the proud monsieurs to fly;
 But they were so numerous it could not be done,
 The French they came down like moths in the sun,
 But still we bold Britons refused to run.

We went to our shipping and staid there a while,
 Till the twenty-second, kind fortune did smile;
 Our shipping did cover us while we did land,
 Which made it so hot monsieur could not stand,
 For our shipping always kept firing to land.

We march'd up their islands they still fled away,
 No more could be seen of them till the next day;
 At the end of the town they formed two lines,
 To draw on our armies and then spring their mine,
 But Britons prevented their evil designs.

We fixed our camp in the island secure,
 And then to make batteries we straight did prepare
 At brick-work and batteries we work'd night and
 day.
 Their shells and their shot upon us did play,
 And many a bold British heart there were slain,

We formed our batteries and play'd on the town,
 Their redoubts and breasts-works we soon cut them
 down;

Great numbers we kill'd and the rest ran away,
 And into their citadel we drove them straightway,
 For we gained ground on them boys, every day.

It was on Whitsun Wednesday we entered the
 town,
 Our cannons we planted the castle all round;
 We play'd them so smartly against their strong wall,
 Which we soon undermined and down it did fall.
 And made the old governor for council to call.

The governor of the castle refused to yield,
 While we and our officers lay by in the field;
 Six weeks and four days in that station we lay,
 Our shells and our shot most sweetly did play,
 Which put the whole citadel in confusion that day.

Our train of artillery they acted their part,
 Against their strong walls, oh! we play'd them so
 smart;
 Our 32 pounders we serv'd them so fast
 Which made the old governor surrender at last.

And now to conclude here's an end of my song,
 Belleisle is our own and the French is gone home
 For they are gone to Lewis the news for to bring,
 That Belleisle is govern'd by our British king,
 So God prosper the foldiers and God save the king.

On Admiral Ruffel's total defeat of the
French Fleet.

THurfday in the morn, on the nineteenth of
May,
Recorded be for ever the famous eighty-two,
Brave Ruffel did discern, by break of day,
The lofty sails of France advancing to.
All hands aloft, they cry; let English courage shine
Let fly a culverine, a signal of the line;
Let every man supply his gun,
Follow me, you shall see,
That the battle it will soon be won.

Tourville on the main triumphant roll'd,
To meet the gallant Ruffel in combat o'er the
deep;
He led a noble train of Heroes bold,
To sink the English Admiral and his Fleet.
Now every gallant mind to victory does aspire;
The bloody fight's begun, the sea is all on fire;
And mighty fate stood looking on,
Whilst a flood, all of blood,
Fill'd the scuppers of the rising sun.

Sulpher, smoke, and noise, disturbing the air,
With thunder and wonder affright the Gallie
shore;

Their regulated hands stood trembling near,
 To see their lofty streamers now no more.
 At six o'clock the red, the smiling victors led,
 To give a second blow, the fatal overthrow.
 Now death and horror equal reign,
 Now they cry, run or die!
 British colours ride the vanquish'd main,

See, they fly amaz'd o'er rocks and o'er sands!
 One danger they grasp to shun a greater fate;
 In vain they cry for aid to weeping lands;
 The nymphs and sea-gods mourn their lost estate
 For ever more adieu, ill-omen'd rising sun!
 From thy untimely end, thy master's fate's begun;
 Enough, thou mighty god of war!
 Now we sing—bless the King,
 And doubly bless each brave English Tar.

Sung in Turk and no Turk.

YOU may slight me—who's afraid,
 No one here is fresher,
 I'm a country chambermaid,
 Piping hot from Cheshire!

I'll sweep a room with any lass,
 So clean 'twere sin to soil it;
 Or dress a lady's looking glass,
 And trim the tasty toilet.
 Laugh your fill,
 For what you will,
 I challenge all who know the trade
 To match the Cheshire chamber-maid.

Young Roger one—'twas worth a crown,
 Tho' he's not fond of raking.
 Dropp'd his fork—my broom cast down,
 We walk'd a merry meeting;
 You, you clod, by tempest tost,
 Far abroad were stalking,
 And every cosy comfort lost.
 Which Roger found a walking.
 Laugh your fill
 For what you will,
 I challenge all who know the trade
 To match the Cheshire chamber-maid.